

Crane and Drone

Poss of drone contrast
lopez eating some of his spick garlic shit
ac cant handle

oops scrren three and fuckin running!

Into ragtop bogega

quartet of bad actors huddled in there w civilians

Let's be democratic and give em all Academy Awards.

Done!

Jesus I love that flare! Bye bye bodega.

Freedom!

Whaever.

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Thesis: The Red Badge of Courage uses the imagery of nature and war to compare pagan and monotheistic beliefs.

Textual evidence:

"Greek-like struggles would be not more. Men were better, or more timid. Secular and religious education had effaced the throat-grappling instinct, or else firm finance held in check the passions" (9; ch. 1).

"He was convicted by himself of many shameful crimes against the gods of traditions" (14; ch. 2).

"He stared at the red, shivering reflection of a fire on the white wall of his tent, until, exhausted and ill from the monotony of his suffering, he fell asleep" (20;ch.2).

"The youth looked keenly at the ashen face. The wind raised the tawny

beard. It moved as if a hand were stroking it" (24;ch. 3).

" This advance upon Nature was too calm. He had an opportunity to reflect. . .He thought that he did not relish the landscape" (24;ch.3).

"They were going to look at ware, the red animal?war, the blood swollen god" (25;ch.3).

"After a time the brigade was halted in the cathedral light of a forest"(25;ch.3).

"Immediately he dropped his rifle and gripped the tree with both arms. And there he remained, clinging desperately and crying for assistance that he might withdraw his hold upon the tree" (38;ch.5).

"It was surprising that Nature had gone tranquilly on with her golden process in the midst of so much devilment" (39;ch.5).

"The slaves toiling in the temple of this god began to feel rebellion at his harsh tasks" (41;ch. 6).

"A dull, animal-like rebellion against his fellows, war in the abstract, and fate grew within him" (48;ch.7)

"He threw a pine cone at a jovial squirrel, and he ran with chattering fear. . .The youth felt triumphant. . .Nature had given him a sign" (49; ch. 7).

"The youth wended, feeling that Nature was of his mind. She re-enforced his argument with proofs that lived where the sun shone" (49; ch. 7).

"The trees about the portal of the chapel moved soughingly in a soft wind. A sad silence was upon the little guarding edition" (50; ch. 7).

"It seemed that Nature could not be quite ready to kill him" (52; ch. 8).

"They both turned to gaze for a moment at the corpse. . .It remained laughing there in the grass" (63; ch. 10).

"He disordered mind interpreted the hall of the forest as a charnel place" (84; ch. 14).

"Strange gods were addressed in condemnation of the early hours necessary to correct war" (85; ch. 14).

"And, furthermore, how could they kill him who was the chosen of gods and doomed to greatness. . .They were weak mortals. As for himself, he had fled

with discretion and dignity" (91; ch. 15).

"Strange gods were addressed in condemnation of the early hours necessary to correct war" (85; ch. 14).

"Yesterday, when he had imagined the universe to be against him, he had hated it, little gods and big gods; to-day he hated the army of the foe with the same great hatred" (98; ch. 17).

"He had taken up a first position behind the little tree, with a direct determination to hold it against the world" (100; ch. 17).

". . .he had gone on loading and firing and cursing. . .And they now looked upon him as a war devil"(101; ch. 17).

"HE had fought like a pagan who defends his religion. Regarding it, he saw that it was fine, wild, and in some ways, easy. He had been a tremendous figure, no doubt. By this struggle he had over come obstacles which he had admitted to be mountains. They had fallen like paper peaks, and he was now what he called a hero. And he had not been aware of the process. He had slept and, awakening, found himself a night" (101; ch. 17).

". . . The regiment swung from its position out into a cleared space the woods and thickets before it awakened. Yellow flames leaped toward it from many directions. The forest made a tremendous objection" (108; ch. 19).

"There was an effect like a revelation in the new appearance of the landscape . . . It seemed to the youth that he saw everything. Each blade of the green grass was bold and clear" (108; ch. 19).

"Here, crouching and cowering behind some trees, the men clung with desperation, as it threatened by a wave" (111; ch. 19).

"It was a creation of beauty and invulnerability. It was a goddess, radiant, that bended its form with an imperious gesture to him. It was a woman, red and white, hating and loving, that called him with the voice of his hopes. Because no harm could come to it he endowed it with power" (112; ch. 19).

"Particular pieces of fence or secure positions behind collections of trees were wrangled over, as old thrones or pearl bedsteads" (128; ch. 22).

". . . the silent woods and fields . . . the hush was solemn and churchlike, save for a distant better that, evidently unable to remain quiet, sent a faint rolling thunder over the ground" (127; ch. 22).

"He consigned them to ref regions; he called upon the pestilential wrath of strange gods" (134; ch. 24).

“. . .dead face to the ground. There was much blood upon the grass blades. . .There was some long grass. The youth nestled in it and rested, making a convenient rail support the flag” (135; ch. 24).

“Over the river a golden ray of sun came through the hosts of leaden clouds” (140; ch. 24).